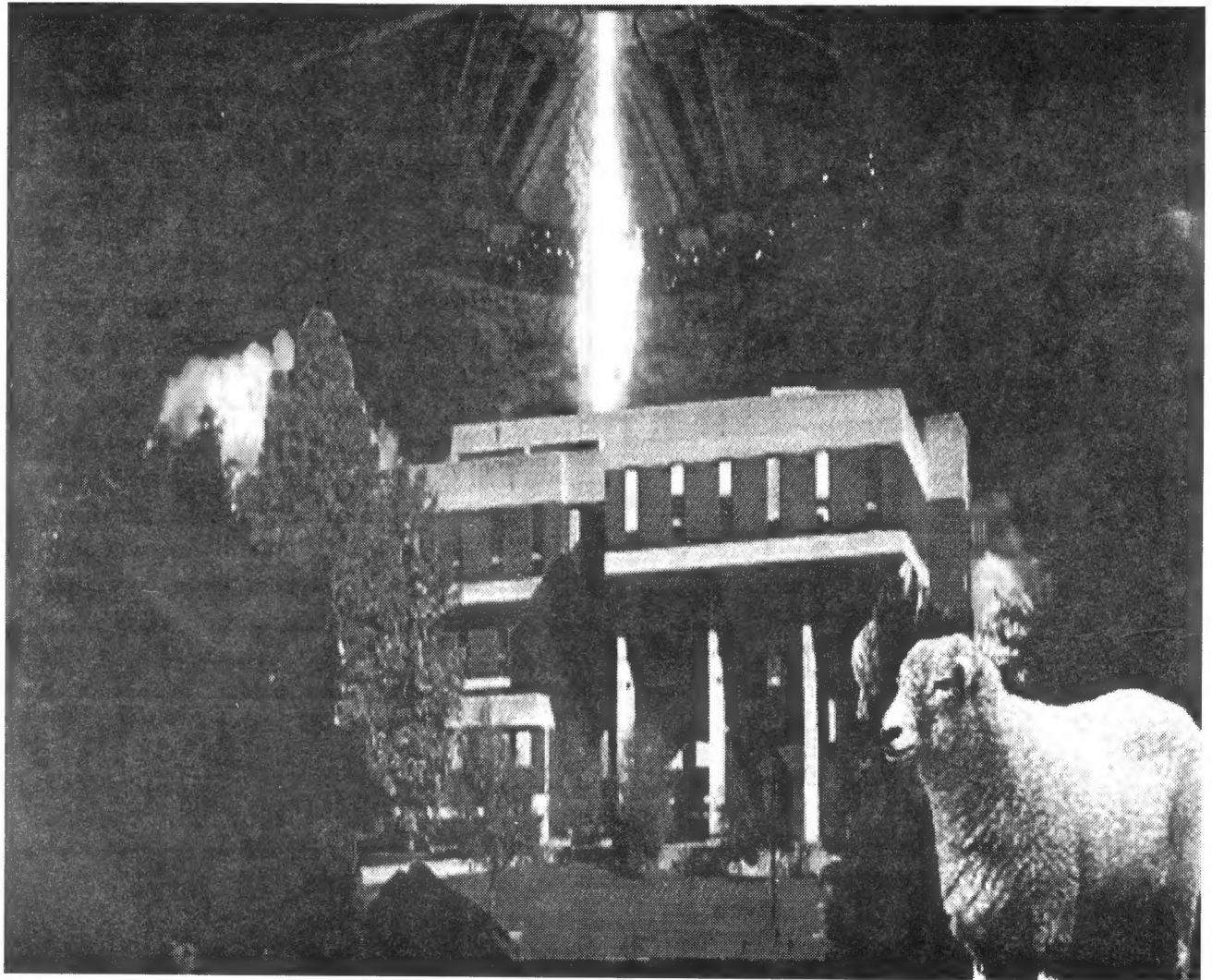


THE OMEN!



SEE HEART-BROKEN STUDENTS WALLOW IN SELF-PITY!
FEEL THE PIERCING PAIN OF GAGGLY GIRL'S LAUGHTER!
HEAR SENSELESS BITCHING ABOUT HAMPSHIRE POLICY!

The Omen

Volume 9, Number 2
February 19, 1997

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Jon Klein (E-405, box 1568), or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

“”

-Eazy-E

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More Whiney Students

Sunday night, there was a student meeting in FPH about the budget slimming. It was a pretty poor turnout (12 people), but a fairly decent presentation. The meeting was to focus on the recent bursts of student activity on campus, but rather digressed into what was mostly a discussion of last semester's issues with the counselor advocate program being cut. As all of the information we print will be out of date by the time this issue hits SAGA, I thought we'd just sum up the student activity over the last week or so. The timeline looks like this:

Monday night at 8:00 pm, several e-mails and fliers went up all over campus, claiming that somewhere between 700,000 and 750,000 dollars had been cut out of the budget. Rumors started circulating that Hampshire was terminating positions, and that the trustees had no idea what was going on (all of this is wrong). At 9:00 pm there was a large (probably roughly 70 people) student meeting in the Airport lounge where some fairly uninformed (no offense to them; the situation was still very sketchy), and very angry philosophy students talked to us about how the continental philosophy search had been canceled, and how Hampshire would no longer be

able to offer a philosophy program. It was a fairly good meeting, ideas and concepts were exchanged, and we discovered that Hampshire has its very own unabomber. The next morning, Ben Sanders and I went over to see Fran White, the Dean of Faculty. At about 10:30 in the morning. Upon arrival, we found three students screaming at Fran White (really screaming.... you could hear them at the end of the hallway). Shortly thereafter we were thrown out. Shortly after we were thrown out, the students were thrown out. At about 11:30, 30 students congregated in front of Fran White's office. It was a pretty impressive gathering, considering the amount of time spent, but it seemed that quite a few students didn't exactly know what they were there for. A discussion with Peter Correa, the treasurer of Hampshire College, ensued, and the whole fiasco ended with at least two philosophy students and at least one music student saying that they were leaving because Hampshire could no longer offer them an education. It was clarified at that point that all figures and search suspensions were based on projections of next year's enrollment. It turns out that, although retention is at an all time high, and Hampshire is receiving an

ever-increasing number of applications, less and less students who are accepted are actually enrolling. Since the gathering in front of Fran's office, there hasn't been that much visible activity, and several faculty members have stated that "discussions are resuming."

So, to summarize, a faculty member leaked erroneous information to students, students acted on erroneous information, clarified the erroneous information, Fran got a lot of spit in her face, and there are quite a few philosophy and music students who are quite screwed right now. The day after all this happened, a faculty member informed us that all previous information may now be null and void, because the discussions were resuming. Where does that leave us? Out in the cold for now. I've heard the Forward, the new newspaper (which is excellent, by the way), is on top of this. Hopefully they'll be able to provide more accurate and timely information when their next issue comes out.

I've got a little space left, so I'd just like to take a little time to talk about what the Omen is. The Omen is a community voice, a forum for independent thought. If you don't like the content, sub-

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**Two great shameless promotions that
go great together!!!**

For a good time call:

<http://love.artificial.com>

For another time call:

<http://arbitrary.hampshire.edu>

Arbitrary Lives

Jonathan Land's Div III
(Soon to feature sound)



Real News?

The Hampshire Experience. We had yet another Hampshire week here at the Camp. The semester is well under way, and already I can feel the angst and apathy again taking up their weapons for the eternal battle for our souls.

Judicial Council

The Lorenzo Gaines case currently before the Judicial council continues to drag on. Meeting are scheduled Tuesday at 2:30 PM and Friday at 1:30 PM through next week in FPH 106. The meetings are open to the public, if anyone is interested in seeing how Hampshire Justice works before it is unleashed upon them. The only notes of relevance from the first meeting are that non participants continued to show up late and be very disruptive. If you wish to go, please be punctual.

Mr. Gaines apparently had some initial questions about how his accuser could be classified as an impartial, disinterested party qualified to try his case when it was the same party that had run the original inquisition. He was eventually informed that it is not necessary for one's accuser to be impartial, as they are attempting to prove guilt. Mr. Gains, did, however, exercise his right to remove one of the panel

members, a student, who was replaced by a faculty member under the council's new by-laws.

The Friday hearing saw the testimony of three witnesses. The first was a student, Emily Lavelle, who spoke to the disorganization and stress of the fiscal actions of the council. Her overall tone seemed to be sympathetic to Mr. Gaines, as she testified that she was not in agreement with the findings and recommendations of the ad hoc task force which investigated this matter in the spring of 1996. When questioned by Mr. Doane, she admitted that the only things she disagreed with in the report were the severity of punishment and one technical matter involving permitted signatures, for which she had no direct proof to the contrary. Mr. Gaines' questioning of Ms. Lavelle at times seemed to be excessively leading. He would preface his questions in terms that already gave the answer, providing much of the details of the matter from his view in the process. There was a tense moment in the room when Mr. Doane interrupted Mr. Gaines to point out that he was testifying from the wrong side of the table.

The second witness, Christine Veitch, spoke mainly to the climate of community coun-

cil and the workings of the task force, on which she served. Mr. Gaines spent most of his time questioning her short experience on the council, in so far as she was appointed to the council by the Dakin house office during the height of the controversy. He also teased out the fact that Ms. Veitch had only been to two task force meetings, leading to the idea that perhaps she was not a truly fair representation of the ad hoc committee.

The third witness was college Treasurer Peter Correa, who recounted his involvement with this matter starting in the spring of 1996. The most interesting part of his testimony involved recounting exchanges he had had with Mr. Gaines on the subject, mainly one which occurred to address "some questions about some things." He questioned some judgment decisions that Mr. Gaines had made in purchasing items for community council, which may have had more personal uses. He pointed out that Mr. Gaines always had a reason in his own mind which justified the purchase, and characterized them as "differences in judgment." He was not sure if all such items had been turned over to the council, but he ap-

Continued On Next Page

More News

Continued from previous page

peared to believe so, and Mr. Gaines nodded that this was the case.

After the hearing both parties were asked why they believed the charges were being pursued in this manner. Mr. Gaines said "I don't know why," but went on to speculate that it may be caused by "an identity crisis for some people." He went on to express disappointment that many persons who support him failed to appear before council.

Mr. Doane stated that he was persuing this matter because he wants Judicial Council to "give a definitive answer." He went on to say that he wants Mr. Gaines to know that he went too far, and the alleged actions are unacceptable.

The hearings will go on as Mr. Gaines and Mr. Doane again take up their weapons in the eternal battle for our souls.

Insurrection

As if on cue, there is a significant portion of the student body pissed off at Dr. Prince again. Many people were enticed to a meeting on Tuesday Feb. 11 advertising an opportunity to "Organize AGAINST Greg." Reports had been made to some students that there was a \$750,000 shortfall in the budget that was to result in part in calling off five of the eleven faculty searches that are in effect. This information came from an erroneous report to a student about

the deans' meeting earlier that day. The leak, it seems was a dean (it being a deans' meeting).

Administration-Faculty

The students above claimed to be interested in protecting the curriculum here at Hampshire College. The Omen does not wish to be perceived as being against this noble endeavor, although we cannot help but wonder if they had bothered to speak with the Dean of Faculty's office before all this ugliness occurred. In December, the faculty of this institution conceived look into curriculum. They are performing a year long study that will hopefully be ready by the end of next semester.

We here at the Omen have been keeping abreast of these developments, and have especially been interested in the concerns raised by the events in the school of CCS (or CSCS). Many members of the community were concerned that this was the culmination of a break down in the faculty arising from administration inaction and inattention.

When asked about these concerns, a representative of the presidents office was very clear about the fact that this is not the case. The administration is concerned with the curriculum, but feels that it is a faculty matter, Although the representative went on to say, if the faculty had not taken the steps it did, the administration would have been

obliged to act.

The Dean of Faculty's office had similar sentiments, stating that the idea of departmentalization is antithetical to the Hampshire experience, and something we all would wish to avoid. Even in the school of CCS, he went on to say, the individuals are so disparate as to not constitute a department. The general attitude of the administration is that interdisciplinary school, and fears of departmentalization are much overblown. At the same time, however, we are still very much an experimental institution, and one which must always try new approaches and new innovations to attain our goal.

Accreditation. As you should know by now, our accreditation with the New England Association of Schools and Colleges is next fall. We are already rolling right along with our self study, and a working draft should be ready by the end of the semester. All members of the community are encouraged to educate themselves about this process by visiting the web-site devoted to it. This can be found at the Hampshire HomePage, under the President's Office. There one can read about the process, the standards for accreditation, and submit comments and suggestions via e-mail.

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Quack.

Fun With Stereotypes, Blanket Statements, and Generalizations

Girls. Yes, girls. You may have seen them around: in town, at the mall, at Dunkin Donuts, whatever. Not just a girl, mind you, "girl" in plural form; yes kids: girls. Like a herd of sheep or a bevy of geese, there is a collective name for gregarious members of the female segment of our species: a gaggle. There is nothing more annoying than a gaggle of girls, kids. (Disclaimer: This is not an anti-woman piece) Gaggles of girls somehow find the most mundane elements of life rip-roaringly hilarious. If a gagglee makes a Freudian slip containing the word "hemoglobin," accidentally knocks over a china set, trips on a bedpost, hits a parked car, or jumps off a building: the gaggle breaks into piercing laughs, curdling cheers and other crescendos of auditory trauma.

Gaggles roam in 2 to 6 members, usually within the same age group, all members bearing relatively homogeneous attire. All action within the gaggle occurs in unison, upon any spontaneous whim proposed by any member of the gaggle. For example: if in a mall setting a gagglee shouts: "Look, sale at

Macy's! Let's go!" The gaggle will collectively scramble into Macy's. In Macy's, the gaggle will spend hours prodding clothes, trying clothes on, trading their own clothes, making fun of other customers' clothes, complaining about the clothes they already have, and then someone mentions shoes...

To help you, the reader, more readily identify a gaggle, I will provide some of the common vocal utterances identified with the social congregation: Whisping shriek! Deafening scream! Shrilled Cackle! Bellowing snicker! Chortled gaffaw! Insert your onomatopoeia here! All of these irritants blurted three octaves and 40 decibels above normal conversation comfort.

Kids, the pain doesn't stop at the audible level. It appears gaggles have choreographed dances, like bees, as reactions to humor. A typical gaggly-girl-gaggle-dance may consist of the following steps: Upon the discovery of something humorous, a gagglee will point at the source of humor, open her mouth to allow carbon dioxide (and other stuff) to emancipate from her lungs, and crouch over. This motion declares the humor to the rest of the gaggle, and they crouch too. The gaggle, without

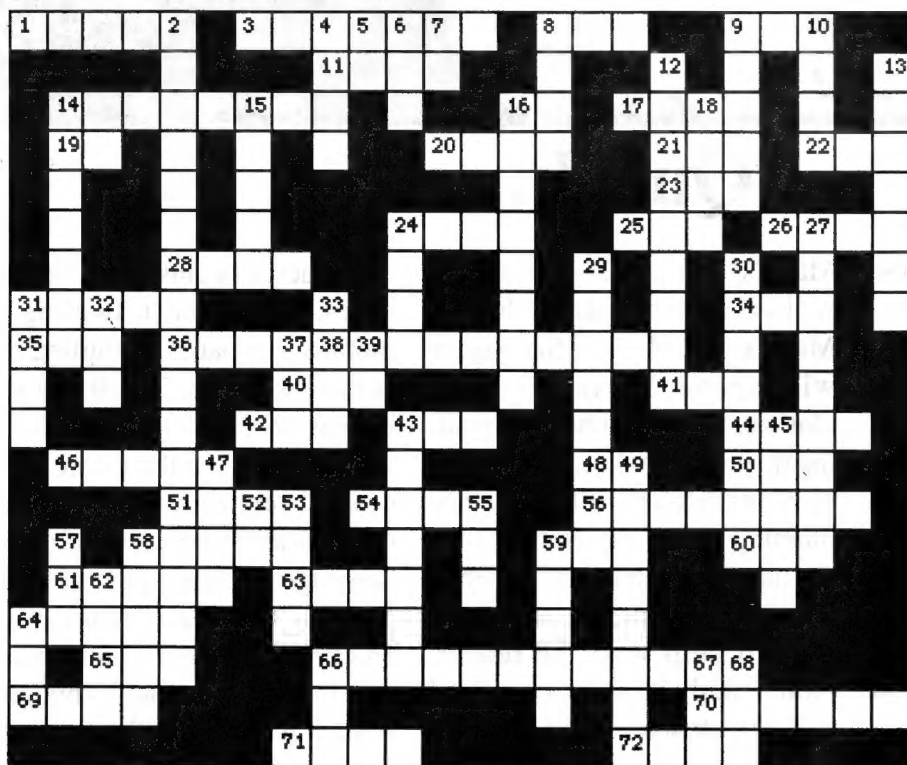
a conductor, begins slapping their knees, flipping hair, twirling in mobius-like patterns, flailing appendages, and acting like drunk hyenas on crack. (Editorial note to self: never use the simile "like drunk hyenas on crack" again) Gaggles also have a well-defined language of facial gestures and glances, capable of conveying emotional responses and important information like "This guy is such a dork" or "Look at her hair" or "Why the hell are you wearing that" or "Who the hell does Brenden think he is?" Gaggles, kids, are a social disease. We will call it "Gaggly-Girl Syndrome." All though gaggles are not as common at Hampshire as they are at the other four colleges, if you know of anyone who is suffering from this terrible affliction, or if you personally are, please stop by the J-3 lounge. There are several applications to UMASS there; help yourself; and bring along the gaggle.

-Brendan Tamlilio, Mangaing Editor

Parallel Lines
Jonathan Land.
1997



Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. What students transferring are
3. Better than the weather channel
8. The ____ Side
9. Checker, for example
11. Bus driver in the Simpsons
14. Hampshire wasted a lot of his money
16. ____ a long, long way to run.
17. It's about time that someone take this over again.
19. Either ____
20. The most over-referenced building on campus
21. The reason behind firedrills at 4:20
22. What work study students have to take
23. SS Professor
24. Toasty Dakin room
25. ____ City
26. Scum Dogs of the Universe
28. Shrimp Lo ____
31. Located between the n-zone and the p-zone.
34. Don't have sex without a condom or this may get on you (abr.)
35. Pea ____
36. It's now two-course (2 words)
40. A Merrill intern (abr.)
41. Piece of a dinner at Bub's
42. Standard Umass wear
43. Writes an inane Q&A column.

44. ____-Trash
46. The year every Hampshire student fears.
48. Liquor Store initials.
50. ____-Ng
51. Needed in order to gain
54. Democracy ____
56. The ____ Space
58. REM song
59. Gaming company (abr.)
60. Chinese condiment
61. Not wetter but...
63. Let God ____ them out
64. 15 or 19 a week
65. Ford food
66. The location of the largest stock-pile of tea on campus (2 words)
69. ____ there, done that.
70. The Mighty ____ Bosstones
71. To ____ is not enough
72. Prized Prescott lodging

DOWN

2. Longest running Hampshire newspaper (3 words)
4. A carb or slide.
5. If he phoned home from Hampshire ACC would disconnect the call (initials)
6. Valley bus system (initials)
7. You can have this one. The word is "to".

8. A Hampshire student would have his ass kicked in one of these houses.
9. Greek island
10. It's the ____
12. Just wrote a book on fishing dogs
13. "____ She Said"
14. We have all supported his drinking habits
15. Remember when we could do this in SAGA?
16. ____ Patterson
18. Weaving tool
24. Oct. birthstone or hippie name
27. Flavor courtesy of a Hamp. Board of Trustees member (2 words)
29. May someday do a documentary on the collapse of his alma mater (2 words)
30. Popular H&A class (2 words)
31. Most useless area to receive a degree in (abr.)

32. What most Hampshire students are
33. Another name for calico skillet
37. The best damn country in the world (initials)
39. Sam I ____
43. The ____ Tollbooth
45. Hampshire stopped Phys. Plant attempts to form this
47. Ultimate hippie play/movie.
49. You are invading my ____ space.
52. Popular way to use heroin (abr.)
53. ____ egg
55. A new batch just came into the area.
57. ____ to Joy
58. This incoherent singer's son went to Hampshire
59. Those who can't do ____
62. Gen X Porn magazine.
64. We would not be surprised if Greg had ties to this.
66. Pale
67. Unbelievable band
72. Popular fabric dye.

- Lauren Ryder and Ben Sanders,
Omen Staffers

MOVIES

We Have a Theater Program?

One of the best things about college is the abundance of quality entertainment, if you take the time to get off your ass and see it. H.I.P. opened a four day run of *Eleemosynary*, a play by Lee Blessing, in the main lecture hall of FPH on Wednesday, February 12. Rebecca R. Anderson directs Tamsin Elias, Katie Faulkner, and Emily Windover in a play which explores the role of memory in human emotion. The play brings us to a tangent with the intersection of three lives, three generations of women, each feeding from the other two.

The acting and direction were both top notch, and a credit to our theater department. The director's notes say of the characters that she "wanted you to meet them." This cast allowed us to. The audience was treated to seeing three intelligent, beautiful, and disturbed women sharing their lives with us, memories with us, their words with us.

The sound was wonderfully done, and kudos to Ms. Faulkner. The lighting however, was somewhat more tricky. Although there was not a lot of movement, the blocking some-

times put the actors out of the light when they were in the front center of the stage. Also, during the opening performance, the lights came up before the actors were given a chance to leave the stage.

Overall, as a Hampshire production, this one was perfect. It had a simple set, simple costume, and a less than simple performance space, but was produced with a charm, talent, and feeling that made its viewing a permanent part of one's memory.

Chris Rouge, News Editor

Oscar Insights

Well, the ol' spring schmoozefest is imminent, e.g., the Oscars. That heartwarming chipper flick *Fargo* was nominated in all the good categories (except for music, unfortunately.)

Roger Deakins' splattered, snowy vistas are being acknowledged for their mastery and at last the man is getting industry recognition for the superb cinematographer that he is. Fran McDormand's web-footed wobble and wide-eyed stare alone would earn her Best Ac-

tress if there was any justice (which there isn't)- I don't think any characterization ever made me laugh harder. When Margie says, incensed, "You got no call to get snippy with me, mister, I'm just doing my job..." This, I say, is perfection. I rest my case- the Oscars mean jack shit.

Fargo is probably the Coen Bros. masterpiece, and I'm not only saying that 'cuz I grew up in the Thousand-Lake state. BUT- watch Jerry Maguire win Best Picture (let's hear it for the Scientologist mafia, folks) and

watch me swear off the Oscars, which always lasts exactly a year. Never can resist throwing in my two cents. But who cares about the Oscars anyway when we're all watching to see who takes the Best Overreactor title right here at Hampshire. The winning nominee wins a mold of the Div III bell cast in sheep manure. Don't fight, now. Keep yer eyes peeled, folks.

Nick Edwards, Entertainment Editor

Needledick

Jonathan Land,
1997

First-Year Frustrations

YO! Could you please explain, WHY, there are 46 kids in my class.

Ok, so I sound a bit bitter, but I think I have that right. I'll start at the beginning. If you were here last semester, around the middle of November, I think, you will remember a certain painful, and long adventure. **PRE-REGISTRATION.**

Ok, so what... we sat around, then got up, moved about 2 feet, then sat down again. So what that some people were there for up to 5 hours? So what if people didn't get what classes they wanted? It was their fault for not following the mad rush to ASH that one fateful day. What I'm talking about happened this semester. The first day of class. The first impressions, of what could, hopefully, help some of us get those oh-so-important DIV 1's out of the way.

Ok, so I walk in to a certain class in CSC, and I see about 15

people already there, "Wow," I say to my self, some people want to give a good first impression. Wrong. They wanted a spot in the class. And guess what, they were not pre-registered, and some of them were not even on the waiting list. And what's worse, they were not the only ones to show up to get in to a class they didn't even bother registering for. By the end of class there were 46 people sitting in a class that was set up for 25 MAX. So now you ask, what did the teacher say about this?

"Well, this sure is a lot of people, but I think If I redirect some of the work back on to you, as a class, then it should work."

She let them stay! By the gods I was angry. Here I am, sitting in a class that I plan to get a DIV 1 out of, and she is making it harder for me. I spent 3 hours in line, just so I could tell some stressed out central records worker a number, that equated to

a class, that I got into, as a pre-registered student. So by all accounts I should get precedence in that class, I should get an evaluation, I should be able to work closely with the teacher to get my DIV 1 done. But no, she allowed 18 extra people to stay in the class. 18 people that are taking up time they do not deserve in my opinion. It's my class, not theirs, and because they are there, I will not get the attention I deserve as a student, in this class.

Don't get me wrong, I do not hate these people, I do not think any less of them, I am just angry that my share of a teacher has been lessened. I'm just angry that they get to stay, when I waited 3 hours to sign up for the class, and they get in just by showing up the first day.

Hey, if you're upset about what I said, don't kill me, just come and talk to me, I'm more then willing to discuss it.

Duran Goodyear

All Work and No Play....

Hampshire Fun for the
Thouroughly Uninspired

-Make lists of words you like. (Examples: Plexiglass, Pithy, Upchuck, Lonesome, Critter. Look through a dictionary if necessary.)

-Drink until you puke. Before puking, confess your love to a stranger. Repeat next day.

-Make a depressing mix

What To Do...

Melissa Jaeger-Miller, Omen Staffer

tape. Songs should remind you of things that will make you cry. Safe bets are always: Your dead dog, ex-girlfriends/ boyfriends, Sophomore year in high school. "Puff the Magic Dragon" is a definite tearjerker. Play it late at night in a dark room.

-Smoke lots of cigarettes. Try different brands. Figure out

a stylish way to light your cigarette.

-Steal bagels from SAGA. Don't get caught.

-Watch the Prevue Channel. Try to get all of the trivia questions right. Watch it until you get 3 answers correct.

*Staring a Beaver
In The Mouth
Jonathan Land,
1997*



No, Seriously....

Dearest Pamela,

I've admired you from across the quad for close to four months now. I'm taken with the way you strut around your room in your cow underwear. Any chance of a sample (Moo!)?

Sincerely,
Crawl 'n Pinch

Dear Crawl 'n Pinch,

So you're the creep who's been staring at me and drooling. I must say that I'm in awe. I never knew a human being could be so incredibly twisted and pathetic. So you want to see me in my underwear, eh? Well, if you think that I would model my cow motif lingerie for a pervert like you for a million bucks...well, in that case you'd be right. You could put a cashiers check in my box (#1252) and we'll see what happens. Till then I think you should work on GETTING A LIFE!

Dear Ask Pam,

Here are some questions for you that I need answered:

1. My hallmate is a communist. He has a flag of Communist Azerbaijan and many pieces of communist propaganda in his room. He often says, "That's right, just like Comrade Lenin would say!" What should I do?

2. Every time I walk into SAGA, I see a particular person that makes me want to throw up

Ask Pam

Pamela Greenberg, Omen Staffer

all over them. Should I?

-Disenfranchised Boy

Dear Disenfranchised Boy,
About your hallmate, I think you have no choice but to counteract by forming a Hampshire Council Against un-American Activities. You can play McCarthy, I'll be Nixon. I feel Hampshire needs more right wing student groups anyway...What the hell, let's organize a Republican barbecue! And your SAGA problem. Go for it. SAGA food alone is enough to make most people puke, and when compounded by this annoying person I think it's your duty to hurl all over him or her. You'd be doing us all a big favor and you'd be infamous for years.

Dear Ask Pam,
I have a serious question for you. How should I break up with my girlfriend?

-Remington Steal

Dear Remington Steal,
This is always a tricky thing to do, especially if one person is happy and the other is miserable. The best advice I can give you is to be honest. She may be hurt, but she would only be more hurt if you lied to her now, and she found out the truth later. Hope-

fully you had a relationship where both parties were comfortable communicating. If you did then there's certainly the possibility that you can both handle this like adults and remain on good terms, even if you're not best friends. Be direct and understanding, but don't chicken out. Good luck, and if all works out we can tell "Crawl 'n Pinch" about your ex and he'll have someone new to stalk.

To submit to ask Pam, please send your question via e-mail to
askpam@neural.hampshire.edu



Hey, You Psycho,
You Sewed My Eyes
Shut. What Is This
Crap?
Jonathan Land,
1997

Damn Commies

Attention!

People of America,

This country is continually approaching the violence and communism that we proud American citizens abhor. Not every American realizes this clear and present danger inherent in our annual celebration of Independence Day.

For years fireworks have been a symbol of independence and democracy. People of America, we have been fooled. If you take a closer look at the situation, you will notice that there is something rotten in Denmark, or as the case may be, America. We ask you now to listen to our cause and to keep the safety of America in mind.

In laymen's terms, fireworks are simply large explosions in mid-air. Every Independence day (on the fourth of July) the average American family, including the youth of America, is shuttled off to beaches and parks to watch this grotesque display of violence (and communism, ref. Paragraph 4) above our homeland. You might ask "What the fuck are you talking about?" We are here to inform you of the dangers hidden in a "pretty" display of "flower-like" fireworks. The government has "tried" to rid America of violence and communist influence. The government, obviously, has failed. It has been two hundred and nineteen years since our proud forefathers established the United States of America, and still violence runs out of control of our

government...or should we say, in control of our government.

Without even knowing it, right under our noses, we are sending the youth of America extremely mixed messages. We claim that violence is wrong, yet we take our families out to applaud displays of organized explosions run by our government. What do you think this is telling our children? That guns are wrong but explosionary devices are acceptable? After years of these messages, done annually by our government, America's youth begins to get the wrong idea...or should we say, the right idea? This could lead to disastrous proportions. Children looking for attention and acceptance from society might start lighting fireworks of their own. It is evident that this has already started with the use of "bottle rockets" and firecrackers. Soon, in the near future, kids will look for bigger and more "flower-like" explosions. It can be expected that in their naive minds they will look for acceptance by blowing up things, such as their houses. Which is exactly what our government wants. This will seriously weaken the American family and American family values, which in turn will weaken our defenses against a "possible" communist takeover from China. The only way to avoid this horrible atrocity is to join the P.A.F. cause NOW.

Think back to the invention of gun powder. Where was it invented in? That's right,

China. Think about where most fireworks are manufactured. That's right again, China. Do we see a connection here, between Communism and it's disgustingly gross values with fireworks? Yes! Of course, and it has been right under our noses all along. The government obviously wants the Chinese Communist takeover. Otherwise, they would stop this nasty fireworks display which occurs every Independence day, which obviously is a tribute to Communist success. The fact that this communist celebration occurs on our Independence day, our celebration of democracy is downright appalling. The only way to stop this "possible" communist takeover is for YOU to make a stand. Join the P.A.F. , and fight for democracy.

You might ask, "Who the fuck are you guys?" Well, we're just a couple of concerned American citizens who want to make a difference. We know that there are many people in this country against fireworks, but they are to afraid to voice their concern, due to the underground government pressure. We hope that YOU are not a chicken! Please join us in the war against fireworks and together we'll make a difference. Unfortunately we cannot put forth legislation due to a heavy opposition within our government. Please do not listen to the governments allegations against the P.A.F. They have

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Sold!

Fun For All Ages

Jon Klein, co-editor

To be filed under 'not so colorful as Mayor McCheese, but just as exciting', is a small building on route 116 simply marked 'Pioneer'. The mysterious building is a real live auction house, open to the public. Forget about the flea market or the mall... this is where all the good crap is being sold.

Though most of the items sold are antiques, there are a few appliances from the 70s there to remind us of modern times. The antiques range from fancy naked china cupids to old maps composed before the construction of important roads. You can say you don't want any of it now, but when you see it, You Will. Trust me.

One of the more interesting things about being at this particular auction are the bizarre people that attend. Many are antique collectors and dealers, willing to

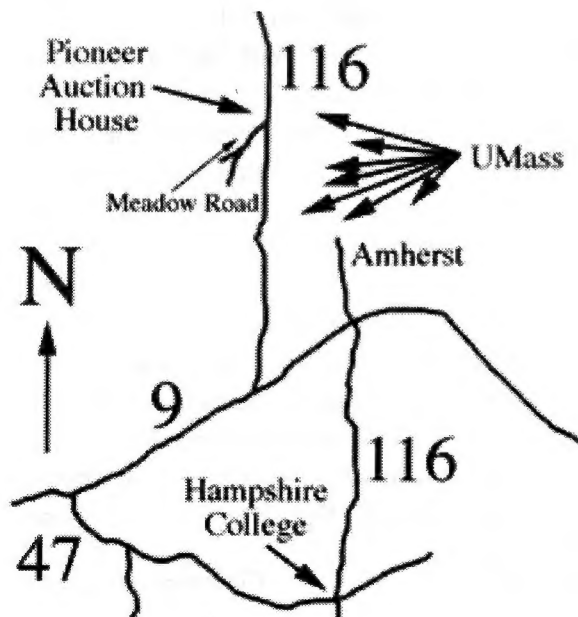
pay hundreds of dollars for the most meaningless crap, and leave items that seem really nice to sell for 5 dollars. The people you'll spot at the auction are the type that would keep a bus or maybe a fiberglass statue of a chipmunk on their front lawn. They all look just about normal, but you can tell there is something hideously wrong with most of them inside.

More exciting than those who attend the auction is the auctioneer himself. When the bidding gets slow he'll criticize the customer's taste, taunting them into bidding \$75 on an item which originally hadn't gotten a bid for \$5. "What's wrong with you people?", and "Hell! I'll buy that for \$5! Sold to me! You all missed out."

So my trip to the auction

house was great fun. The only reason I don't have anything to show for my night at the auction is the fact that I'm way too much of a sissy to get in to a bidding war with a hick over a footstool (note: there were several bidding wars over footstools, as they appear to be some valuable item in some way that I am just too poorly cultured to understand).

For those who would like to go, the auction takes place every Tuesday night at 6 PM. For anxious and impatient readers, the doors open at about 1 in the afternoon for inspection of the merchandise. Admission and registration is free, but you'll have to bring some ID. You can pay in cash, check, or credit card, and the only catch is that you pay 5% more than you bid, which goes to the auction house. Have fun, and make every effort to get in over your head.



*Spit on the Omen!
Then leave it in front of my door
That makes me happy.*

Valentine's Day

The Catholic Church created Valentine's Day in 496 AD, as an attempt to paper over a popular pagan fertility rite with the clubbing death and decapitation of one of its own martyrs. This popular fertility rite, known as the Lupercian festival after the god Lupercus, took place in mid-February. The names of teenage women were placed in a box and drawn at random by adolescent men. In this manner each man was assigned a woman companion, for their mutual entertainment and pleasure. Their relationship would continue for the duration of a year, after which another lottery was staged. The Catholic Church, headed by the stern Pope Gelasius, disapproved of this rite of passage for young men, and outlawed the eight-hundred-year-old practice in a huff.

Looking to appease the young Roman pagans, the Catholic leadership brilliantly invented a holiday to replace their carnal carnival. Rather than pay homage to the ethically questionable deity Lupercus, a great Catholic saint would be invoked. This more virginal substitute was none other than Saint Valentine, the martyred bishop of Interamna who was beaten, stoned, and decapitated two hundred years earlier. His brutal death was a punishment brought to him by the iron fist of the Roman emperor Claudius II in 270 AD. Claudius was of the opinion that married men made poor soldiers, and holding with this belief he had

abolished marriage. In spite of this edict, Valentine encouraged young lovers to wed in secrecy. When convicted of his crime, the unruly saint had his choice of punishments. Rather than peaceably convert to the Roman system of religion, Valentine chose death, and even had the audacity to make a hopeless attempt at converting Claudius himself to Christianity.

With this saint as an overseer, Pope Gelasius explained the specifics of his new holiday. Men and women would participate in a lottery as before, only each would be assigned a historical Catholic saint, rather than a young lover. Rather than revel in the arts of Eros, the participants would make every effort to emulate their assigned religious figure for that year. With these fascinating and obviously utterly enjoyable new rules, the holiday caught on fire and has been gaining popularity every since.

Fifteen centuries later, people around the world see the historical day of February the fourteenth as an occasion to make or spend money. Men and women, smitten with each other, or at least tolerating each other until something better comes along, often see the day as either an obligation or an opportunity.

Those lacking romantic souls, those who wouldn't throw a starving puppy a love bone under any circumstances, see Valentine's as a scheduled battle in the trench warfare of love. They don't want to be obligated

to show their partner some token of affection just because of some stupid Catholics from 496 AD. "Besides," they ask, "if a person is obligated to do something, doesn't that in many ways belittle the sincerity of that particular act?"

The cheery, glowing romantic scoffs at such sullen, stale claims. On Valentine's Day, no one is obligated to do anything. "Obligation" is just the term unromantic individuals use to describe the feelings of guilt welling in their chest, guilt at having only a mild or ordinary zest for life. Only the unromantic is threatened by accusations of insincerity, for only individuals of this sort are capable of such quackery.

The true value of our modern Day of Valentine lies in its tremendous synchronization of affection across the globe. The signs of love are everywhere on this day, be they of paternal love, matrimonial love, agape, amore, love between siblings, or love for chocolate. With such widespread conformity to such a worthy cause, cynics should think twice before casting their serpent's tongue against its roses and Hallmark cards.

In fact, in light of Valentine's Day 1997 having passed, it may be prudent to issue a world-wide challenge, and global competition. He or she who most convincingly shows his or her love for someone

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How Much Did You Smoke, Jeff?

And now for something completely different...in the spirit of a kinder, gentler Omen for 1997, a positive column. This column will be about things which make me happy and to me, make it worth getting out of my extra-long bed in the mornings:

1. That bite out of a sandwich that's known as the "best bite". You know that bite, when you take one bite out of either side of the sandwich, leaving a sort of peninsula of goodness, just waiting to be devoured. That one bite, sticking out, vulnerable to all the elements, thinking, "Oh shit. I'm gonna get eaten." And you bite into it, severing it from the main sandwich. Oh man, do I love that bite.

2. Listening to a new tape or cd (or minidisk, if you really believe it's the future of music as we know it. Or 8-track if you're in my mom's old station wagon). Oh yes; at first you are frustrated by the cellophane shrink wrap, but then you put it on the stereo and listen, trembling with anticipation. Will this be a good cd? Did I get rooked? Will it grow on me. On track 1, the rest of the cd remains pregnant with mystery. I prefer to irritatingly skip through all the tracks; listen to some of a song, then skip to the next one...maybe it'll be even better. Will this grow on me if I don't like it at first? Will humor at my expense be taken for owning this cd? These are all questions which whir

about in my mind as I absorb my investment.

3. Rearranging my room. Wow! Where did all that space come from? Obviously, the rooms at Hampshire don't leave much to innovation, but creativity can be tons o' fun. Don't leave your furniture in the same arrangement it was in when you got the key to your room. (bed lengthwise, desk on opposite wall with one bookcase on the desktop) Show some imagination! Turn that bed so it's parallel to the window for crying out loud! Don't give into the Man! Go ahead; put your desk square in the middle of the room, steal another two chairs from around and pretend your room is a little office. Hire a secretary to sit in hall outside your room and take appointments. Glue all your furniture to the wall and pretend to live that way when people come in your room. Tear down that wall, raise the roof, and add levels and risers to the floor for that post-modern (Hampshire Bonus Word) effect. You get the idea.

4. The Flea Market. It's weird that I like the flea market because I couldn't bargain to save my ass:

Me: How much for this Rick Dees Commemorative Zippo Lighter?

Vendor: Fifteen bucks.

Me: But it's out of fluid, the flint screw is broken, and, well...it's Rick Dees.

Vendor: You goddamn Amherst

college snotass. Fifteen bucks, take it or leave it.

Me: Well, ok.

But there's still a lot of great crap there, stuff every red-blooded American could add to their Hummel figurine collection. I'd like to know exactly which items "fell off the back of the truck". They should put "hot" stickers on all of that stuff. Yes indeed, nothing grills my cheese like the flea market at the dead mall, from the scent of the fry-daddy onion ring and french-fry concession stand to the slicker-than-snot wiseguy who's your best friend until he's sold you every vintage postcard and Sinclair Oil magazine ad for \$1.50 or more apiece.

5. Former Mediocre President of the United States Rutherford B. Hayes.
-Jeff Barnett, Omen Staffer

Whine

mit something. Constructive criticism is welcome. Our first priority right now is to have good news and good writing out once a week. If anyone submits new graphics, cartoons, whatever, we'd be happy to use them. That's about it, see you next week.

-Jordan Strauss, Editor-in-Chief



*The Guy Who Looks
Like An "i"*
Jonathan Land,
1997

News

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of community service, they threw a party. It was in Prescott and the theme was "space party." Some interesting characters, even by Hampshire standards, were in attendance. Most impressive, however, was the public display of The Velvis. Good luck, and Godspeed.

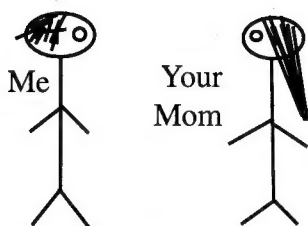
There were also lovely parties the following Friday and Saturday evenings which passed without incident and greatly enhanced campus life. Thank You.

Things to Note

- Div III progress reports were due last Friday!!! Hurry up!!

- The negative space cafe is now open three nights a week at the Prescott Tavern. Unfortunately it now closes at 1:00, AM, rather than the previous 2:00.

-Chris Rouge, News Editor



*Me With Your Mom...
In The Biblical Sense
Jonathan Land,
1997*

More Valentines

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within the time constraints of the twenty-four hours of February fourteenth wins a Nobel prize. It is important that the rules not include the wording "for something," as too many whimpering artists would proclaim their undying love for their very art, and too many avid bowlers would be making monumental efforts to woo their bowling balls.

Or better still could be an unspoken contest between all young men as to who could embarrass their respective girlfriends the most in the halls of a high school.

Or the parallel contest as to which young woman has cho-

sen the most sensitive, romantic boyfriend.

Valentine's Day is a worthy holiday, and should be celebrated with vigor. It is an opportunity to reassure affection between long-time lovers. It is an unusually lucky chance for people to strike up new romances, and add drama to a silicon life. It is the time to take one's nose from the air and occupy it in the pursuit of flowery scents. If nothing else, we can at least lose our stoicism for a day. Besides, Valentine gave up his whole head.

-Mat Lauritsen, Omen Staffer

Say What?

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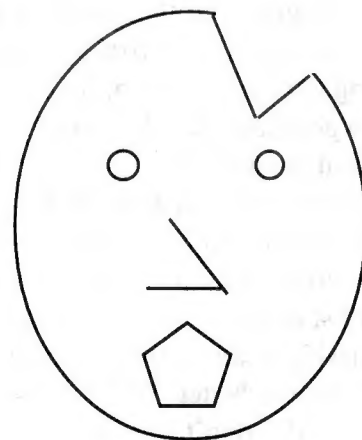
tried to make us look like fools and liars, calling our cause a joke. We are not laughing. They are just trying to discourage the truth.

There are two ways that you can help your country through the P.A.F. 1) Join our highly skilled and organized militia. 2) Send us pledges of 5, 10, or 50 dollars annually, NOW. If you throw this bulletin away, you are throwing away your children's future. Please act NOW. Give us some word of

your loyalty by responding to our address.

Christian A. Cartier
Seth P. Engelhard
Co-founder of P.A.F.
Co-founder of P.A.F.

P.A.F. Headquarters
76 Mt. Hope Ave.
Jamestown, RI 02835



*Massive Facial Trauma
Jordan Strauss,
1997*